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1892

THE MESSENGER OF RICHMOND COLLEGE Richmond, Va.

Published Monthly by the Philologist and Mu Sigma Rho Societies.

Vol. XX.

JANUARY, 1894.

No. 4.

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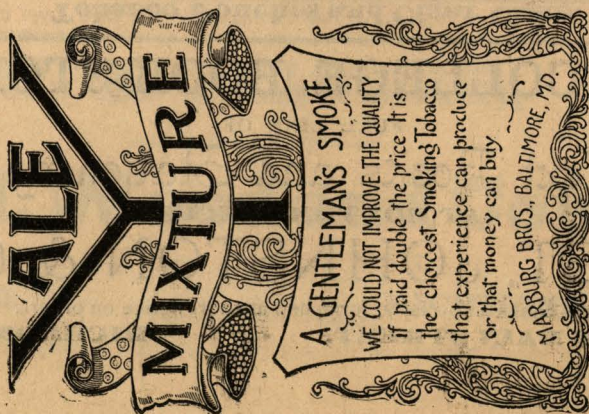
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VOL. XX.

JANUARY, 1894.

No. 4.

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A LITTLE TANGLE STRAIGHTENED.

I mean a grammatical tangle. To be more specific yet, I mean the not uncommon confusing of the verbs, *sit* and *set*, and of the verbs, *lie* and *lay*. A recent European tourist publishes a letter, in which he tells how he *laid* on a bed in Edinburgh. It has not been long since I heard a president of an institution of learning talk about *setting* on the grass. A discriminating use of these verbs will be insured, if we but recognise three well-marked differences:

(1.) As to their inherent nature. *Set* and *lay* are transitive (*i. e.* the action expressed passes over from a subject to an object); and they are causative; *i. e.* express a cause, as we shall more clearly see in a moment. On the other hand, *sit* and *lie* are intransitive; *i. e.* take no object after them, and are non-causative; *i. e.* do not express a cause.

(2.) As to their meaning. *Sit* means to take (or retain) a seat, and *lie* means to recline. On the other hand, *set* means to cause to take a seat, and *lay* means to cause to recline.

(3.) As to their conjugation. The chief inflexions are :

Present.	Past.	Past-Participle.	Present-Participle.
Sit	Sat	Sat	Sitting.
Set	Set	Set	Setting.
Lie	Lay	Lain	Lying.
Lay	Laid	Laid	Laying.

It should be noted here that the present tense of *lay* and the past tense of *lie* are exactly the same in form, though very distinct in meaning.

Should then the European traveller have written that he *laid* on the bed? Of course not. He should have said he *lay* on the bed. Ought the college president have talked about setting on the grass? Of course not. He ought to have spoken of sitting on the grass.

What about the setting sun? That is correct. *Set* is sometimes used intransitively, and one of its intransitive senses is to go down, to pass below the horizon. What about "setting hen?" That is incorrect. In our English Bible (a classic in our tongue) we read, "As a partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not," (Jer. 17: 11.) The recent Canterbury version (see margin) retains "sitteth." Addison writes, "The male bird * * amuses her (the female bird) with his songs during the whole time of her sitting." Besides, consult Webster or Worcester, Stormouth or the Century, and you will find each of these great dictionaries declaring that one of the meanings of *sit* is to cover eggs for hatching, to incubate; whereas, they attribute to *set* no such meaning. Webster and the Century do indeed refer to *set* in the sense of incubating or brooding, but only to express condemnation.

JOHN POLLARD.

BE A MAN.

Far away from the earth on which we dwell, in the great immensity of space, thousands of bright orbs are chained together by a law of universal gravitation, in clusterings and configurations of exceeding beauty. These starry systems invite the upward gaze of man. Then, looking around us we behold the grandeur of the inorganic world, and both the vegetable and animal kingdoms, each working within its own sphere in harmonious action. But it is soon discovered that God crowned his work by creating man. He endowed him with reasoning facilities by which to govern himself, and with an immortal principle called the soul. After man was formed in the image and likeness of his Creator and was given the power of knowing good from evil, God gave him dominion over the rest of the living creatures of earth. The design was for him to go forth, subdue the earth and make it a place of happiness. Let your minds sweep backward in imagination six thousand years to the time when our great ancestor viewed a sinless world, and compare it as it was then, with every age for sixty centuries. The progress of science, government, education and Christianity has depended on the efforts of the human race. Generation after generation has oscillated from one impulsive spirit to another.

For the sake of popularity, some are wafted on the tide of socialism regardless of moral principle. People ambitious to make themselves famous called to the bloody struggle of war multitudes who would, no doubt, have blessed the world with great contributions to literature, science and art. When the hardships of our life were ended, they accomplished nothing that would benefit posterity.

Tyrants ruled by the iron hand of despotism, their blood-thirsty appetites were gratified by the ravage and spoils of other nations. Great powers have preyed upon the vitals of other nations and brought them to a life of servitude. Many

centuries the world has slept in ignorance. Races have come up and worshipped at the shrine of idolatry. Age after age has passed away and it seems that the human race, a few hundred years ago began to emerge from darkness into light. Slaves were liberated from the fetters of bondage. The mystic roll of science was unfolded. Education began its work in elevating man. As this new era dawned, civilization advanced, people united themselves under law to protect their common interest.

Laws have been enacted and enforced by men of various minds and dispositions. Good governments are shaped by men of integrity. What have sages, patriots and martyrs been worth to the world? In these persons can be found the elements of true men. True heroes will sacrifice their lives in trying to break the shackles of despotism. Costly structures are reared in memory of those who die fighting for the rights of their people; but their works are far less imperishable than the marble structures which are erected on the battle field where they fell. Millions have suffered martyrdom for the sake of the Christian religion. Polycarp after serving his master eighty-six years was not willing to forsake him for a momentary life in this world, and he was burned at the stake. The immortal Bunyan, the prisoner of Bedford jail, was confined in the dungeon 12 years. While there he wrote a guide to pilgrims that has immortalized his name. No matter what one's station may be in life he has an influence, and, desiring to make a success of life's work, he should carry with him the shield of true manhood. Before entering the great drama of life be sure you are thoroughly prepared to fight all its battles. Have some laudable work in view to accomplish and put forth all your energy to complete it. Let no difficulty thwart your efforts. No great work can be accomplished without labor. Those who have written their names high on the parchment of fame leave behind them deeds that are worthy of commen-

dation. Their work in elevating society and spreading civilization will live long after the costly monuments that are erected to their memory have crumbled into dust.

Sir Isaac Newton with his giant mind probed deeper into science than any other man, climbed step by step up the hill of science until he became an interpreter of nature's truths. He was a model man for his untiring energy and deep thought. Emerson, Bryant, Longfellow and many other great writers are dead, but their productions are still blessing the different nations of earth. The sweet thoughts of their poetry are elevating, the sound counsel of their prose is being treasured up in the bosoms of those who read. Not those who are rocked in the arms of luxury are to become great. Such men as Lincoln and Garfield, whose youthful curls were fanned by the breeze of adversity, can wield the scepter of political power. They mastered difficulties and overcame one unpediment after another, till they reached the highest point of political greatness. Their lives were taken by the hand of the assassin, their bodies are consigned to the mausoleum, but their influence is still living and representing two noble characters. To be a true man, let firmness and integrity guide you. Drink deep at the fountain of truth. Be true to yourself, be true to your country, and true to your God. So when your turmoils are ended here, you may cross over the "River of Death" and pluck the ambrosial fruits of a "sweet beyond."

M. W. Q.

PLUCK, NOT LUCK, MAKES THE MAN.

In dealing with a subject, that has for its ultimate aim the gearing up and running of so important a machine as the master-piece of this universe, the wonderful production of the Almighty, we should have some system by which to distribute the oil and apply the motive power so essential and indispensable in its operation. This brings us to notice :

1. What is pluck ?

Pluck is that true manly courage which enables any man possessed with this most excellent gift or qualification, to work out his own destiny, not by mere chance, but by *work*.

It is that inherent will power that enables him to accomplish those results, concerning some of which, we will speak later. That boldness of purpose and determination to succeed in every attempt, which nerves him to "try again" knowing, heeding no such thing as failure.

His aim should be excelsior, at the topmost round of life's ladder, not its base, remembering that the top is reached only by beginning at the base and ascending gradually and carefully, lest in his eagerness to reach the top some intermediate round is insecurely made, then a slip, a fall, a wreck, a ruin !

Once down what can better stimulate him to attempt to rise even higher on the round of fame than pluck, without which we will be content to remain at the bottom. *With* pluck he recovers from the fall and with renewed energy and determination begins afresh the ascent ; a sorer, possibly poorer man, yet profiting by his experience we see his efforts crowned with that jewel, *success*, the reward of true courage.

Happy is the man who can find success in defeat, or see the silver lining behind the cloud.

That pluck is essential to success in every walk of life is shown in its political, financial and moral spheres, and is equally as valuable in war as it is desirable in peace.

To show that it is necessary in the political sphere, we need only to refer to our recent Presidential Campaign, when the sorely tried, but no less grand and glorious, old Democracy of this nation, had her courage aroused from center to circumference, by that infamous Force Bill. She arose in her might, and with united pluck as if one man she struck the death blow at this monster, by placing at the

head of this nation that gallant statesman, noble chieftain, prototype of courage, Grover Cleveland, whom we all know, with the courage of his convictions, dares to do his duty on all occasions.

That the politician should be lacking in this qualification is as sure to bring defeat as the sparks are to fly upward; but alas! alas! too often is their courage mingled with a spirit of greed for gain and selfish fame, rather than the welfare of the people, whose servants they are, thus bringing reproach and remorse on their supporters, and causing them to cry out in their woe, *Oh, for men!!* men of true manly courage, who will, with fearlessness and intrepidity do their duty to themselves, to their country, and to their God.

As the rudder is to the ship, so is pluck to the financial world. We might as well attempt to cross the high seas in a rudderless ship, as to launch without pluck our bark and cast our lot in the financial sea with its many shoals, rocks and snags. In either case we drift with the current, or are left to the mercy of the winds, which will sooner or later bring us to ruin.

If we would shun the shoals and snags on our voyage we must use our rudder, which is the means in the hands of a skilful pilot in guiding our ship safely over the mighty deep, and though tempest tossed and tried, will land it safely in the harbor.

Just as the ship, so with man: his bark is cast in the financial sea, and with the rudder of pluck he guides his course over the rough and rugged ocean of life, taking fresh courage at each shoal he has escaped, and pressing ever onward, with a fixed and steady aim at the port of fortune whither he is bound. He looks not behind at the losses and crosses, but ahead, at the possibilities and pleasant privileges, until at last the harbor is reached; when he may cast anchor and rest from his labors, a model vessel

and beacon light to guide and influence others on their voyage.

It was honest integrity, industry and sobriety, that crowned his voyage with success. Although reverses may come, you might as well attempt to stop the waters of the historic James in their course to the sea, with your tiny hand, as to break the spirit, or bar the success of a true man thus endowed.

As wholesome food and a healthy atmosphere are necessary for the growth of the infant, so is pluck to the moral man. The infant left without wholesome food and being compelled to breathe impure air will be dwarfed for life. Man without the wholesome food of courage and the spirit of moving in a healthy atmosphere, will become so morally dwarfed, that he is very little above the brute creation.

Pluck enables him to overcome his natural inclinations and desires which are immoral in their tendency, and whether carried by the whirlwind of society into the impure air of the ball-room, the card table, or the bar-room with its tempting first glass, or wherever and whenever confronted with temptation, he can and will respond with an emphatic *no*, such as is only born of manly courage.

As the heaven-given tint and fragrance are to the violet, so should pluck be to our moral natures, giving the hue of true manliness to our every thought, deed and action, not haughtily, but meekly and gently as the violet, seeking not to lift its tiny head, but rather preferring another, yet commanding by its genuineness and purity universal admiration.

Pluck in war is indispensable. To depend on an army entirely void of pluck would be folly in the highest degree, and defeat would surely follow.

What better illustration can be given of pluck than to refer to the days of '61-'65, when our Confederate flag was ral-

lied around by the gallant sons of this fair South-land, who were ready to face death in defence of a cause they loved so well? What but true courage enabled them to endure the hardships and privations to which they were subjected for four long years? Often foot-sore, half-clad, and almost starving, yet with it all, they were ready to do their duty to the last. When the last tattoo was sounded on that memorable 6th day of April, '65, at Appomattox, and the last scenes of war were presented with a few brave men left to tell the tale, and while many a fallen hero slept in a soldier's grave—the very rocks and all nature seemed to join in the refrain—not conquered! but overpowered!

Now that the sword has been turned into the ploughshare, and peace reigns supreme, let us profit by the past, and may that heaven-given courage descend from sire to son, and permeate this entire land, knowing no North, no South, no East, no West, until this, our infant nation, towers above her sister nations as the eagle soars above its prey—feared, yet revered.

The eagle in seeking its booty is often brought low and sometimes overshadowed with clouds, but with outstretched winds, enduring strength and unceasing courage, he lifts himself above them to even greater heights.

Just so this grand nation has been enveloped by a financial cloud which, it seems, is well nigh impregnable, but since stripped of its Sherman silver portion, it will ere long be broken and this mighty nation guided by the true, tried and plucky democracy will attain yet greater heights, until it will indeed be the univereal cry, "America! America! the land of the free, the home of the brave."

This brings us to notice secondly, pluck contrasted with luck:

Pluck is a hero, luck is a dreamy, misty, intangible something unworthy the consideration of any one but a coward. For example, let us go back on the pages of history to that

event so fittingly celebrated by our recent World's Columbian Exposition—when that plucky adventurer of the 15th century first set foot on the new world. Whom and what did he find here?

In answer to the former, we have the red Man, one almost entirely devoid of courage. So timid was he that rather than give fight, he made flight at the approach of these gallant men of the East. A human being content to dress in the skins of wild animals, if dressed at all, and to live in a miserable hut or tent. If by chance he brought down with his arrow a fine buck occasionally, it was indeed "meat" for him—the wife could hoe the corn and do the rest.

What Columbus found, we need only to allude briefly to a land whose forests were groaning under their burdens of timber; whose very crust seemed ready to burst from its fullness of inexhaustible minerals and metals; whose majestic rivers, with their surging torrents, cried out in their might for manufacturing enterprises: and last, but not least, a climate and fertile soil, evidenced alike by the spontaneous growth of weeds and red men; all of these welcomed with perfect security the industrious son of toil.

No wonder then that the lucky red man had to give away to his plucky rival from the East, who with his undaunted courage, realizing these possibilities, goes to work. After 400 years of this applied pluck, we find the wig-wam supplanted with homes like unto palaces: and lawlessness, thriftlessness, ignorance and vice, the off-spring of the red man's luck, being banished, and peace, happiness, industry prosperity and virtue, the off-spring of the white man's pluck, erected in their stead.

We find, also, our agricultural, mining, manufacturing, and other industrial pursuits the stern realities which we, with pride, behold to-day in every state, city and hamlet—results which the white—not the red man; pluck—not luck—has accomplished.

Are there any "red men" among us to-day? Yes, thousands of these lucky fellows are hanging around our street corners waiting for something to turn up, instead of going to work and turning up something; while the plucky fellows preferring to work for, rather than to wait for some desired object, are dealing death blows at fate's visitations. Just as the red man had to recede from his plucky rival, just so must the lucky give away to the plucky, and stand a miserable little dwarf alongside the stalwart giant; the one a coward, deserving his fate, the other a hero, commanding his praise.

Let us notice lastly some of the results of pluck:

Where can be found more appropriate examples of true courage, than to recall to memory those set us by our honored Henry, Jefferson and Washington, so fittingly called, Virginia's Tongue, Pen and Sword.

Henry was ever ready to lift his voice in behalf of his country: see him in the struggle for freedom, with his courage boiling over, in that familiar sentence, "Let others do as they will, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death," the sentiment echoing and re-echoing from breast to breast, until every man, woman and child was ready to join in the mighty struggle for liberty.

There must be one to lead these courageous people to victory, or to death; and where in all history, has been found one more worthy to be called, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," than our Washington, who by his unfaltering courage, from Braddocks defeat, to the surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown, gave us an example of pluck, such as the world had never seen, and as the result—our nation's liberty?

To enjoy this freedom, we must have some system of laws and better educational facilities. See with what courage our noble Jefferson so ably penned that document, which declared us a free and independent people. Now

that this independence is won, he goes to work in framing a code of laws by which to govern his people.

Also with that pluck which knows no failure, though defeated in various attempts, he founded our University of Virginia, of which we all feel proud. He also planted the seed out of which sprung our present system of free school education.

Thus we have pluck, the means of gaining our liberty, the means of enjoying our freedom and the sequel of success in every walk of life. If we will be men ;

“ Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for every fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.”

Then may all who *will*, take heed,
Trusting *not* in treacherous luck ;
And if at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again, with noble pluck.

J. P. S.

SEA FISHING.

Of all the different ways of fishing none is, perhaps, so intensely enjoyable and exciting as that commonly called “Sea Fishing.” Sea angling is quite common on the Eastern Shore, where last summer the writer had his first opportunity of gratifying his eager desire for lifting silvery-finned beauties from their watery homes. The fishermen go out into the Atlantic a mile or two from the shore in small sail boats, and use for bait hard-shelled crabs, putting large pieces of the crab on their strong steel hooks for each bait. The kinds of fish most commonly caught during the fishing season are “drums,” trout, mullet and “sheep heads.” The most excellent of these is the trout. During the greater part of both summer and fall this delicious fish is served on nearly every one's table on the shore. As yet, the fish

caught there in summer are not shipped away, but are peddled out through the counties by the fishermen to those who live farther away from the beach. It was late in June when a generous old man at Waehapreague invited me to go fishing with him. Well equipped with lunch, water and crabs, we started out in time to reach the desired fishing waters soon after day-break. We anchored at least a mile and a half from shore, opposite Cedar Island. The sea was not unusually rough, but still our small boat tossed freely upon the rolling waves. A cool breeze was stirring at the time we began fishing, and the rising sun had painted the magnificent watery view in a gorgeous, rosy tint. Large numbers of white sails could be seen all around, and even before we thrust out our hooks, many of the neighboring fishermen were "taking them in." But there being enough for all, trout and mullet soon began to be landed into our boat also. It was astonishing to see how rapidly they would take our bait; it was toss out hooks and draw in fish in regular business fashion. There was no impatient waiting for nibbles. We did not use corks on our lines, but the eager bite could be readily discovered by the strong pull of the hungry fish. To one who delights in angling, the sensation of having a five or six-pound trout pull and strain at his line is real joy. I had the coveted pleasure of drawing up quite a number of trout measuring fully two feet in length and weighing six or eight pounds. As they followed my hook to the surface of the water, struggling as they came, their weight seemed to increase till dripping with brine, the captured beauties were hauled over the side of the boat.

By nine o'clock we had several bushels of fish, principally trout and mullet, when we set sail for our home. For the most part those who engage in sea fishing are oystermen. They say it helps to pay expenses, and affords them something to do in the months in which oysters cannot be caught. It is a fact worthy of remark, that the people on

the Eastern Shore never seem to tire of fish ; for though large numbers of fish carts are driven by the enterprising fishermen through the counties of Accomac and Northampton almost every day during the summer and fall, they are always welcomed ; and it is seldom one returns with his load. If, as the physiologists say, fish is an efficient brain producer, surely our people across the bay are destined to become a class of mental giants, for they are feeding most bounteously on the wealth of both bay and sea.

N. J. A.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

It fell to the lot of one man to discover a New World, but it took the genius and statemanship of others to transform that world's barbaric wilds into a state of society, a place now most pleasant for human habitation.

Alexander Hamilton has won an imperishable encomium—in that he was one of the originators of our present existing political institutions—now the marvel and pride of every generation.

He was a native of the Island of Nevis, in British Indies, born the 11th day of January, 1759. He was of Franco-Scottish extraction. His father a Scotch merchant and his mother from an old noble Huguenot family. His mother died when he was very young, and, his father being so poor, he was left to the charitable care and protection of his relatives. At this early period his wonderful precocity attracted general attention, and the guardians over his fate began to indulge the hopes that a brighter future awaited him than the beginning of his career seemed at first to portend.

After continuing but a short time at school he was obliged by pecuniary circumstances, to relinquish his studies and devote himself to business life, in which capacity his superior ability and strict integrity soon gained the confidence of his

employer. At the age of fourteen the entire care of the establishment was left to him while his employer was on a visit to the United States.

During his business life he was indefatigable in the persuance of his studies. He seemed to be conscious that a higher destiny awaited him. His assiduity in the acquisition of knowledge and the training of those superior faculties whose mighty and restless energies he began to feel, were stamping upon his character that impress, so essential to those destined to work a mighty change in the affairs of men.

While he was thus working, uncertain as to what his future would be, an accident occurred which gave to his life a more definite direction.

In 1772 a furious tornado swept over the island, carrying ruin and devastation in its pathway. The stoutest hearts were subdued and everybody was awed at the fearful havoc.

While things were in this lamentable state a description of it came out in one of the journals. It was written with such marked ability, and bore evidences of such superior intellect that inquiries were set afloat as to its writer. On being found that such a lad as Hamilton, so friendless and so young, had penned it, public interest was manifested for him. Friends arose to give aid that he might complete his education. In consequence of this aid he went to the United States, where he was to play afterward in the great drama of statesmanship as important a part as Hamlet in *Hamlet*.

We are truly "creatures of circumstances," and know not the outcome of our doings. This was a turning point in Hamilton's life, and he little dreamt of its being the consequence of his description, till the years had rolled away.

He attended Princeton College, afterward Columbia College, N. Y., at which institutions he made very rapid advancement and gained the respect of all that knew him, by

his precocious abilities, his devoutness, his prayers, night and morning, yet, with all this seriousness of his nature he possessed remarkable cheerfulness and elasticity of temperament.

During these times the most stirring and potentious events were brooding, the sequence of which was to be the great Revolutionary war.

Not long after he had been at the Columbia College a Congress was called, on a suburb of New York, to consider the existing evils that the British were fast and thick imposing upon the colonies.

At this assembly Hamilton, then 17 years of age, ventured forward with much hesitation, but had not proceeded far in his speech before the vigor of his thoughts, the precision of his language, his eloquence and cogent logic awed his auditors into silence. This speech raised him up to public gaze, and around him began to centre the future hopes and interest of patriots.

At 19 Hamilton's great abilities were detected by Washington, who placed him upon his staff—a great honor for a young man. He was raised to this honor on account of his superior intellect and sage counsels. No doubt his courage and quickness to decide in the critical and exciting junctures of war would have raised him soon to general, had he continued in active service. He acted as a confidential adviser of Washington four years.

We will not trace his life in detail, but merely relate the most important part he took after the war. We might think it was plain sailing after the war had closed. But Hamilton's great destiny was now before him. He was called upon to give direction to the young government that had risen out of the storm of the revolution. His shaping hand of wisdom can be seen quite distinctively in the Constitution.

Political chaos prevailed for years after the war the colonies were drifting into anarchy, the government had not

become centralized, affairs were in a much worse state than after the rebellion, "No central power, no constitution, with poverty, agricultural distress, prostration of all business, no national credit—a more rude, unconnected and anarchic force threatening to engulf us in worse evils than those from which we had fled."

At last through the influence of Hamilton a convention of five States assembled at Annapolis to remedy the existing evils. This convention led on to a general assembly where all the varied sentiments of the nation were represented. It met at Philadelphia, 1787. All the great men of the land were there, Franklin, Washington, Adams, etc. Among these was Hamilton, sent from New York, though not the most distinguished, for as yet he was comparatively young. Notwithstanding his age, his sagacity and integrity inspired confidence and trust in his abilities. He was one of the ablest debaters in the convention. He endeavored to impress that liberty was not founded in the "rule of few aristocrats nor in extreme democracies." That any central government should have control over commerce, tariffs, revenues, post-offices, foreign relations, the army and navy, peace and war; and that in all these functions of national interest the central government should be independent of State Legislation, in order "to prevent any clash between State and National Legislation." It was through the influence of Hamilton largely that the constitution was ratified after even it had been framed.

Hamilton's career does not end with the constitution. To him belongs pre-eminently the glory of relieving the country from its great financial difficulty. Our constitution was framed through the ingenuity of many, but our financial system is attributed to one. When Hamilton assumed the office of Secretary of State he was confronted with the following form of public indebtedness; foreign debt, debt of Government to the States, army debt, the debt of supplies in the

various departments during the war. His original creative genius was brought to bear upon them, and as the eloquent Webster puts it: "He smote the rock of national resource and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of public credit and it sprang upon its feet. The fabled birth of Minerva from the brain of Jupiter was hardly more sudden than the financial system of the United States, as it bursts from the conception of Alexander Hamilton.

Hamilton died at the hands of Aaron Burr, who claimed that Hamilton had used his influence to defeat him in his aspirations as governorship of New York. Burr was so incensed with bitter hatred toward Hamilton that he challenged him to a duel which resulted in Hamilton's death on the 11th of July, 1804.

The greatest statesman passed away at the hands of a murderer, for such he was, since prompted by hatred and revenge.

Hamilton will ever be venerated and held in the highest esteem for his services.

"Great were the boons which this pure patriot gave,
Doomed by his rival to an early grave;
A nation's tears upon that grave were shed.
Oh, could the nation by his truth be led;
Then of a land enriched from sea to sea,
Would other realms its earnest following be,
And the best ages of the world restore,
Those golden ages which the bards adore."

Y. X. Z.

Editorials.

THE year 1893 has run its race and is now counted among the years of the past—gone, never to return—only to be recalled by memory. To many, the year has run smoothly; to others sorrow, and even tears of grief have marked its onward flight. The perfect serenity and harmony which has prevailed with us at the college, is sufficient cause for us to be thankful. The steady, onward march has never ceased, but fortunately it is a steady and healthy movement, like the pulsation of the strong and well-built man, like the even workings of a well-balanced mind. The MESSENGER extends to every student at college its greetings, and wishes every one a happy, very happy New-Year.

Now that Mitchell and Corbett are matched to pound each other for a large sum of money, the daily papers all over the country will be filled with elaborate details of the men, their training, what they eat, who calls on them, how they sleep, and every minor incident connected with their daily life. It is a disgusting feature of the times, and a sad commentary on the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century that two brutes can attract as much, or more attention than the most illustrious statesman or author. Prize-fighting is not an art, but a relic of barbarism that must be eradicated before the summit of civilization can be reached.

Thar ain't no use talkin'
'Bout what a *man will* do;
It's what he has done is the
Hosses that pulls him through,
And when I sees them students
As sets around all day
A talkin' about the will-be's
I jest raise up and say,
Gosh-dang!

A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

This "working" is a simple term, by common sense defined
As "hustle," "get there," "shake a leg," in language unrefined.
We are working something all the time, no matter what we do,
But watch the other fellow for he might be working you.

For instance, there are business schemes in which you would invest ;
Your friend decides to let you in because he loves you best ;
He does not want to make a cent—perhaps it may be true ;
But keep your eye upon your friend, he may be working you.

Now you, of course, would not abuse the friendship of a man,
But when you see a dollar you will seize it if you can ;
You would not work a friend, oh ! no, for friends are very few,
But look out for your warmest friend, he may be working you.

You may in business have a friend who would sell you goods at cost,
He does so just to please you, no matter what he has lost ;
He bows and scrapes, and thanks you, just as other people do ;
But never for a moment would he think of working you.

You work a snap yourselves sometimes, and in a quiet way
Invite your friends to join the dance and then the fiddler pay,
They don't know what you are driving at, because the scheme is new,
But while you are working all your friends perhaps they are working you,

To-day your bank account runs short, you simply borrow ten,
And pay it back to-morrow with many thanks, and then
Your friend returns the compliment, but multiplied by two,
You thought that you were working him, but he was working you.

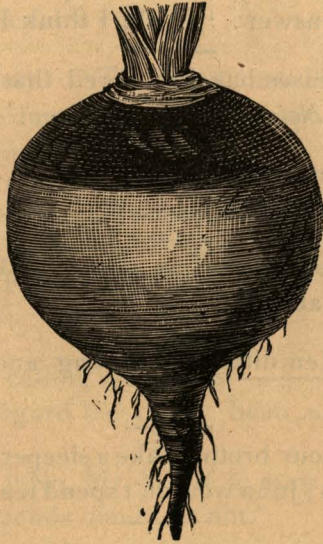
The moral to the thing is this : We all have an axe to grind ;
If you wait until your turn comes round you may be left behind.
So take your chances at the wheel as all of us must do,
And work the other fellow while he thinks he is working you.

Pictures and Records of the Great Foot Ball Teams.

The College Publishing Company of 1122 Broadway, New York, has issued a handsome booklet containing beautiful half-tone group pictures of the 1893 Football teams of Harvard, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania and Yale, and statistics and records of the individual players. The booklet also contains five half-tone plates of the Harvard

and Yale 1893 crews, and the athletic teams of Columbia, Harvard, Princeton and Yale, with statistics and records for the year. The players in the football groups are numbered so that by reference to the text each one's name can be ascertained. The pictures are $4 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, printed on heavy plate paper 6×9 inches, and altogether the booklet makes a most delightful and interesting souvenir of college athletics for the year 1893. It will be sent post-paid on receipt of ten two-cent stamps.

Locals.



Turnips!

Turnips!!

Turnips!!!

How do you like 'em?

"Ur Dick!"

Mr. H: "I've been reading from Brutus."

Ask Mr. S. about his experience with the conductor's daughter.

Some one says THE MESSENGER contains a great deal of *sectional* news.

Christmas! Christmas!!

Tin horns, baby wakers and "Big Doon."

Shades of examinations. "To 'flunk,' or not to 'flunk';" that is the question."

Oft heard after Christmas: "Did you see her?"

An occasional answer: "Well, I think I did."

One of our geniuses has discovered that there is, or has been, a nation of *Botanists*.

A member of one of the senior classes signs his name below the word *respectively*.

One of the stenography class wants to know if capitals are used in shorthand.

An analysis: Men differ (1) young and old, male and female, *etc.*

Mr. C: "Did your brother take a sleeper from Chicago?"

Young K: "No; John wouldn't spend ten cents that way."

Mr. C. (hearing the singing of one of the church choirs in the city): "I'd just like to get hold of that choir."

Mr. E. evidently wants to be a "sport." He remarked the other day that he intended getting him a "Prince Albert" *suit*.

Mr. P. sticks the receiver of the "phone" in his mouth, somewhat as he would a tin horn, and yells "Hello!"

One of the mathematical class says he has reached the *eclipse*. No wonder so many of that class are in the dark.

Snow-balling around college has become such an expensive luxury that men of moderate means cannot indulge.

Mr. T., of the fourth floor insists that "cleanliness is next to Godliness." Old fellow, have the courage of your convictions.

Professor: "What is true of an equation whose roots are identical?"

Student: "They are equal."

Critic in society: "The gentleman's argument would have made more impression had he spoken more impressively." (No doubt.)

In Senior German: Professor carrying on the conversation in German, asks Mr. B. the favorite question of the Plymouth Rock Pants Company.

Mr. B. replies: "Nein."

Mr. W. (out calling): "Miss ———, doesn't a young lady generally regard her candy beau as rather a foolish personage?"

Young Miss: "No, Mr. W; if a man is a fool, he is a fool whether he sends candy or not."

A STORY.

It snows,
He throws.
Glass crashes,
Student dashes.
Windows "busted,"
"Contingents worsted."

THE TURNIP TRAGEDY.

Darkness had just fallen from the wings of night. A thin grey mist lay over the fields and gave an apparitional appearance to every belated wayfarer. A few pale stars, sentries of a silent host, had hung out their signal lights, when, from the north entrance to the cottage, an armed band noiselessly issued and silently stole away. Each member carried an instrument of death; there were guns of small bore, guns of large bore, and some so prodigious they could hardly be *borne* at all. Not a word was spoken, not a cigarette lit, as they hurried up the Broad-street road. On, on, into the gloom they pushed, until, upon a sign from the leader, they turned into an adjacent field and soon reached a deserted house that loomed up in the darkness. Hastily, but quietly, the men were stationed, and then began the long wait. Probably twenty minutes after the first band had left the College grounds, a second band came forth, but very different in appearance and action from the first.

Instead of weapons, each member carried a bag; there were large bags and small bags, flour bags and clothes bags. They too sought the mists of the Broad-street road. When they arrived opposite the field where the first band had turned off, unaware of the ambushade, unconscious of impending doom, they cautiously approached the deserted house. There, near the old Broad-street road, along which the farmers of Henrico and Caroline are wont to haul their tobacco and melons in season, on that hillside where, years ago, bayonets gleamed and banners waved over ranks of warriors armed, but where now the cruciferous stalks of the turnip humbly bend to the kisses of caressing breezes, was to be enacted a tragedy. Leaving these two bands in the positions as just described, let us turn to the morning hours of the same day. The scene is now to be laid in rooms 10 and 12 Cottage.

Richmond College is well supplied with gentlemen whose surnames begin with the letter L. For the purposes of this chapter only two such gentlemen will appear: Mr. L., of third floor south, and Mr. L., of first floor north. About 10 o'clock in the morning, Mr. L. (third floor south) knocked at the door of Mr. L. (first floor north) and, being invited to "scratch under," entered and requested the loan of Mr. L.'s (first floor north) pistols and guns, and also his assistance in "working a scheme" on a Mr. C. and a Mr. K. The scheme, in brief, was this: A party of picked men were to be supplied with guns, loaded with blank cartridges. After dark they were to repair to a turnip patch about a mile and a half from the college, and there await the coming of a second party, all of whom were to be "in the scheme" with the exception of Mr. C. and Mr. K. While this second party were plucking the turnips from their lowly beds, the first party were to open fire, Mr. C. and Mr. K. were expected to be very much frightened, while their fellow-turnip snatchers, who were "in the scheme," were to feign fright, and a wild stampede down Broad street was to ensue. Mr. L. (first floor north) hailed the plan with exclamations of delight, and promptly placed his weapons and services at Mr. L.'s (third floor south) disposal. Mr. L.'s (third floor south) scheme was probably a good one when little Alcibidies first worked it on some of his companions, and no doubt it frightened them half out of their wits, but the thing has been played so often that it is hardly to be supposed that a Nineteenth century lad is to be frightened by a 450 B. C. joke.

At least so thought Mr. L. (first floor north) and, preferring to "sacrifice a good joke" for a better one, he wantonly and maliciously betrayed Mr. L.'s (third floor south) confidence, and let Mr. C., the dupe, "into the scheme." Some hours later Mr. L. (third floor north) and Mr. C. might have been seen busily engaged in boring holes in a linen shirt

front and smearing the same with red ink. With this denouement in mind, let us return to the scene of the tragedy.

Just as the last member of the turnip-snatchers' band had entered the patch, suddenly from the deserted house a blaze lit up the lowering skies, followed by a terrific report. What could it mean! Were turnips so valuable and depredations so frequent that the owner of the patch must needs guard them at night? No one stopped to think. When the heavy smoke had lifted, all save one had fled.

When the leader of the turnip band halted his fleeing forces about a hundred yards down the road, it was found that Mr. C. was missing. Just then a shout that froze the blood in their veins came from the turnip patch—"Cosby is shot, come back, come back." When the patch was reached the members of the first band were found anxiously bending over the motionless form of Mr. Cosby. Hurriedly the coat was torn open and then—

"O, piteous spectacle, O woful day,
O most bloody sight"—

the light of a match revealed several small holes in his shirt front, which was "covered with blood."

Fear and regret filled every heart. Mr. L. (first floor north) was denounced for being so careless in loading the guns. Some declared it to be their purpose to leave college and never return if Cosby's wounds proved fatal. Others thought the whole party would be expelled. Just then Cosby gave a groan, and then feebly whispered: "A message, a message." Anxiously they bent over him to hear his dying words. "Tell her ———, tell her ———." Cosby gasped, and then, as if the effort were too great, he fell back exhausted.

"Great God," exclaimed D., "I would not have had this thing happen for ten thousand dollars." "Get a doctor, get a doctor," yelled L. (first floor north), who had been pretending to weep. Instantly the whole crowd were on their

feet. All wanted to go for a doctor. One party of four started for Dr. Stone, who lived about a mile up the road; another party of two started on a run for town, while the remaining four agreed to stay and attend to Cosby. Tenderly they attempted to lift him, but his agony on being moved was terrible to witness. "Don't move me, don't move me," he pleaded. "I ———. I know you didn't ——— mean to ——— hurt me. I ——— forgive ——— you all. Oh, God ———. Oh, God ———. I can not ——— bear to die." This gasping speech had its effect upon the body guards. They were now thoroughly frightened, and, after a consultation, it was agreed that another effort should be made to carry Cosby back to the College. Tenderly and carefully he was raised, and slowly carried down the road. When it came L.'s (first floor north) turn to carry, he weakened and gave the joke away. It was two hours after Cosby and his attendants had reached the College before the others arrived. Their joy upon finding Cosby unhurt was great, and, with the exception of three gentlemen who were *pleased* to become offended, every one thoroughly enjoyed the joke.

It afterwards transpired that the party that went after Dr. Stone, found that gentleman in bed, but he hastily arose and accompanied the boys to the turnip patch—his own turnip patch. Not finding Cosby, the Doctor agreed to call at the College in the morning, which he, in fact, did do. The party that went to town, after telephoning a number of physicians, finally secured Dr. Blanton, and, getting in his buggy, they drove at a mad gallop to the field, but not finding Cosby, the Doctor returned home, while the two students, thinking that Cosby might have been carried to the Soldiers' Home, ran there, not finding him, and after being chased up a tree by the dogs, they ran back to the turnip patch and then down the Broad-street road, stopping at every house and asking if "a

dead man" had been brought there. Finally, they returned to the College mud-bespattered, foot-sore and weary. The following statement has been received—others are expected:

No. 654. Richmond, Va., December 16th, 1893.

Mr. J. T. Cosby, Richmond College,

To Dr. CHARLES A. BLANTON Dr.,

207 west Grace street, Richmond, Va.

For professional services rendered, - - \$2.00.

BANQUET.

MENU.

Turnip Soup,	Turnips à la mode,
	Turnips Raw,
Turnip Salad,	Turnips in Slaw,
	Turnips Baked,
Turnips Boiled,	Turnips and Pork,
	Turnips to Order.

TOASTS.

"The Cruciferous Plant,"	- - - -	QUILLY.
"How <i>Raised</i> on a Dark Night,"	- - - -	YOUNG K.
"Perils of the Expedition,"	- - - -	GEDDES.
"How I 'Fotch the Doctor,"	- - - -	HORSEFACE.
"Who Got Faked,"	- - - -	BALLYHACK.
"The Cruciferous Plant in its relation to the public press,"		

L. 3D FLOOR, S.

The Philologian public debate is arranged for Friday evening, April 13th.

Debaters, Messrs. J. E. Hixson, N. J. Allen, M. J. Hoover, and G. E. Lewis. Reader, Mr. J. B. Childress. Declaimer, Mr. S. P. DeVault.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

On Friday, January 5th, the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Literary Societies, held election of officers with the following results :

MU SIGMA RHO.

President, Mr. J. RYLAND MURDOCH.

Vice-President, Mr. M. E. COCKE.

Censor, Mr. R. E. LOCKETT.

Treasurer, Mr. J. P. ESSEX.

Recording Secretary, Mr. W. E. GIBSON.

Corresponding Secretary, Mr. C. W. DUNSTAN.

Critic, Mr. W. F. DUNAWAY, Jr.

Tergeant-at-Arms, Mr. W. D. DUKE.

Chaplain, Mr. M. A. MARTIN.

PHILOLOGIAN.

President, Mr. R. T. MARSH.

Vice-President, Mr. W. R. FLANNAGAN.

Censor, Mr. J. E. JOHNSON.

Sreasurer, Mr. J. E. HIXSON.

Recording Secretary, Mr. J. P. SADLER.

Corresponding Secretary, Mr. J. J. HURT.

Critic, Mr. N. J. ALLEN.

Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. S. B. Carney.

Chaplain, Mr. R. S. MONDS.

For final orators (commencement orators) Mr. R. H. White, of Hampton, Virginia, was elected by the Philologian Society, and Mr. Jas. H. Franklin, of Appomattox county, Virginia, was chosen by the Mu Sigma Rho.

Since our last issue a most unfortunate accident happened to Mr. H. C. Burnett, Jr., one of our popular students. In attempting to board the South-bound train of the Richmond,

Fredericksburg and Potomac railroad at Elba station, at night, his foot struck the platform beside the track, throwing him with his left foot under the wheels. The foot was so seriously injured that amputation was necessary. He was carried to the Retreat for the Sick, where the operation was performed, and where he now is. "Henry's" loss is serious to both himself and the students in general. In short, there is hardly a man in college who would have been more missed in student's movements. We are glad to state that he has borne his suffering with remarkable nerve, and that his condition at this writing is all that could be expected.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

On January 6th, the regular business meeting of the Association was held.

The reports from the out-going officers and the chairmen of committees, showed that the work of the organization was in a very encouraging condition.

The chairman of the committee on Bible Study, reported that more than fifty students had entered the classes.

The election of officers for the second term, resulted as follows :

President, J. RYLAND MURDOCH.

Vice-President, R. T. MARSH.

Recording Secretary, W. E. GIBSON.

Treasurer, W. F. DUNAWAY, Jr.

The Mu Sigma Rho public debate, will take place on Friday evening, March 9th. The following gentlemen have been chosen for the occasion : Debaters, Messrs. E. M. Long, H. T. Burnley, M. Folkes and J. T. Lawrence. Reader, Mr. R. W. Hatcher. Declaimer, Mr. H. C. Burnett, Jr.,—Alternate, Mr. J. P. Essex.

ATHLETICS.**BASE-BALL.**

The mildness of the weather of late has induced the lovers of the "National sport" to exercise their stiffened limbs for several days, and to look around at the material at college and to make conjectures as to the probable make-up at the team of 1894. Even the short time given to practice has shown that the team this year will contain some "star" players, and it is hoped and expected by "those who know," that its record will excel that of any team Richmond College has turned out since the champions of 1890.

As most of the readers of this department know, the Richmond resident members of the team of 1893 continued the organization of the nine through the summer season, supplying the places of the members who live at a distance by accessions from among the Richmond boys who went off to college during the previous season, and kept an honorable position—the tail end—among the four teams composing the Try-city League, namely, the Virginia, Forest Hill, Petersburg and Richmond College teams. Although they could not successfully compete with the experienced players on the other teams, our boys won an enviable reputation among the admirers of the sport in Richmond Manchester and Petersburg, for their "snappy" and skillful play (considering their youth) and their gentlemanly bearing and conduct at all times. Those of the team of 1894 who had the benefit of the excellent training afforded by their experience of last summer will form a "back-bone" for the nine which should make it one of the strongest college organizations in the State, and we trust it will prove the strongest.

Mr. Walter D. Phillips was the "star" player of the summer team, and his will probably be the light around which all the lesser luminaries of the team of 1894 will revolve. Besides a great record made on the (Fishburne)

Academy team, "Baby" Phillips made an enviable name for himself as a member of the Richmond College summer team, of 1892 and 1893, so that his entrance at college this session was hailed with delight by those interested in the success of our athletics. Besides his versatile talents on the diamond, which fit him for almost any position, especially that of short-stop, second base or catcher, he is a sure batter and an excellent base runner.

Mr. Russell Acree will probably be the next best player on the team. He came to us last session from the Alleghany Institute, and last year, on account of lack of good material for the team, was forced to play in nearly every position on the nine, and excelled in all. We hope to give him a "steady job" this year, and whatever it shall be, we predict that he will fill it as effectually as "Big Man" Dunstan does the editor's chair. Mr. Acree has the additional advantage obtained from his experience on the Danville team last summer, for which he played short-stop. He is an excellent fielder and base runner, and has some good points as a pitcher.

Frank and "Bill" Duke, Charley Burnett and "Jim" Scott are other members of the summer team who are applying for positions. All of these have good points as fielders and batters, and it remains to be seen in what positions the opening of the season will find them. Anthony, the youngest and one of the most effective pitchers of the Tri-city league, will likely do some of the honors in the box. Besides being a most successful "twirler," "Mark" has some points as a batter.

The team has suffered a great loss, but we hope not an irreparable one, in the disablement of Mr. Henry Burnett, whose deplorable accident December 16th, necessitated the amputation of his leg. He was counted on heavily for a pitcher, in which capacity he made a remarkable record last summer, and his place the base-ball committee will find

it hard to supply. "Henry" was an all-round athlete, and the Athletic Association, of which he is the president, can ill afford his loss to the teams and field day contests. As soon as he is able to get about, however, we hope to have his help and advice, which will be valuable in the absence of his active services.

"Joe" Turner, who "held down" center-field last year, will probably "do business at the old stand." "Joe" learned the rudiments of the game at Alleghany Institute, and will probably be the heavy batter of the team. He also has some excellent points as a sprinter, and is a fielder of much promise.

Peter and Geddes Winston, Edmund Harrison and Robins will be available men from the old team. The base-ball committee have their eyes on some new applicants, prominent among whom are Fleming, Brock, Trice, Binford, Edwards, of Franklin Academy, Estes Cocke and Lunsford, of Alleghany Institute, and others.

Mr. C. R. Burnett is manager of the team and is already in correspondence with prominent teams and hopes to arrange an interesting series of games.

There is a likelihood of permission being obtained to "skin" the diamond this year, something which we have been unable to accomplish heretofore and which will be of great benefit to the practice of the team.

PERSONALS.

J. L. Bradshaw ('93) is in business at Burkeville, Va.

H. T. Louthan ('93) is at the University of Virginia.

W. L. Lyne ('93) is attending the Medical College of Virginia.

"Fishback Willingham" Osborne ('93) is at William and Mary.

Chas. Clement ('93) is pastor of a flourishing church on the Eastern shore of Virginia.

C. T. Harrison ('93) is residing at Bristol, Tenn. How are the "T. G. R's," Charlie?

Garnett Ryland ('92) is professor in Brownsville Female College, Tenn.

C. M. Waite ('93) is practicing law at Culpeper, Va. He informs us that he has won his first law suit.

C. A. Boyce ('93) continues one of the most enthusiastic of the Powhatan "braves."

Marion Dawson ('91) is one of the most prominent of Richmond's young attorneys.

Warren Mercer ('93), according to his card, is practicing in all courts, "State and Federal." "All claims carefully *compounded*."

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM FAMOUS AUTHORS:

"Ur Dick!"

"A message! a message!"

"Tell—her—tell her."

"A doctor quick, somebody."

"I forgive you, boys; I know you didn't intend to shoot me."

"Hurry up the cab; the man is dying!"

"Doctor, but you *must come out*; the man is shot."

"Come up, horse; come up."

"Is there a dead man in the house?"

"Boys, if he dies I leave college to-morrow."

"Not for ten thousand dollars."

"Good morning, doctor."

"After the ball—a doctor's bill."

Exchanges.

The editor of this department has to read printed instead of written matter, and consequently is unable fully to sympathize with the editor-in-chief, for whose especial benefit we clip the following editorial, which is quite worthy of the consideration of all concerned :

Two great, gaunt, greedy spectres haunt our sanctum. They waste our time, patience—what we have—and cause our countenance to grow prematurely sad and wrinkled. They also cause a great searching in the dictionaries of various languages for explosive adjectives to express our indignation. Finally, after a vain search, we have concluded to invent some of our own, which we will fire at anyone bringing us copy with misspelled words and covered with hieroglyphics.

One would think some of the mummies of ancient Egypt had been resuscitated and, by the lapse of time, unhappily fallen a few years in the rear van of nineteenth century civilization.

There can be no need of bad spelling—in these years of dictionaries. There is no need of bad writing, and especially of the disgraceful scribbling coming frequently under our observation.

If you are in fault in either or both of these particulars, just so much you impose on others a needless and hurtful task.

Try to remedy the fault, and let our doors be darkened nevermore by these gaunt spectres, or cause us to spend weary hours in trying to read, and in rewriting yours MSS.

The *Transylvanian* is another new arrival. It is neat in appearance, and has good matter well arranged.

We have received only one journal published in other than English language. This one is "*College Chips*," and is printed in Norwegian

Like the star
That shines afar,
Let each man wheel with steady sway
Round the tasks that rule the day,
And do his best.

—Ex.

Another new comer, *The Monthly Chronicle*, is very good, except that it is entirely blank in what, following the example of the exponents of the leading colleges of the country, must not be omitted. Guess what?

We have often heard of mental derangement and nervous derangement.

Now we are learning the relation between alphabetical derangement and monetary derangement.

Mr. S. has too few V's & X's, and too many I. O. U's.

"Many a flickering light when fuel fed may outburn the fiercest fire."

We hope the *High School Star*, a new visitor, may be fed with good essays or stories. It would do well to assimilate such nourishment, too.

One of our exchanges bemoans the fact that about three-fourths of college papers contains advertisements of tobacco in its various prepared forms. Perhaps he is right. If he is, surely the advertising of intoxicating drinks by a college paper is wrong. But right before us is a college exponent containing an advertisement of ale, porter and beer.

In early youth I freely shed my blood,
 For what I thought to be my country's good
 In my old age I only crave to be
 Soldier for him who shed his blood for me.

General Lee never wrote any poetry except these noble lines.—*Trinity Archive*.

Hampden-Sidney Magazine contains in December number several good essays and sketches. It has no locals of a frivolous nature.

Neither does the *Southern Collegian*, the largest magazine on our table, put in locals which but few persons except the writer understand, but fills its numerous pages with something better.

How much a man is like his shoes !
 For instance, both a soul may lose ;
 Both have been tanned, both are made tight
 By cobblers ; both get left and right ;
 Both need a mate to be complete,
 And both are made to go on feet.
 They both need heeling, oft are sold,
 And both in time will turn to mould.
 With shoes, the last is first ; with men,
 The first shall be last ; and when
 The shoes wear out they're mended new ;
 When men wear out, they're men dead, too.

—*Ex.*

Howard Magazine has in November issue, an overbearing preponderance of " locals " which crowd out all essays, except " Imagination in the Realm of Thought," which is more eloquent than expository, and does not discuss imagination as related to thought as, one would expect from the heading, but waxes exceedingly eloquent concerning the power and scope and effect of imagination, merely mentioning thought incidentally.

AN ACROSTIC.

The magic beauty of your winsome face,
Of which methinks the very gods above
Must dream and dreaming bless and blessing love—
Your goodness, strength and every innate grace
Seem to my senses, used to commonplace,
Whene'er I hear your voice, or see you move
Each but the more yourself divine to prove,
Enwrapped in flesh as with a film of lace,
To your dear self how sweet 'twould be to give
Heart, love and all—I fain would always be
Entirely yours—with you, sweetheart, to live
And win your love, seems happiness to me.
Removed from others, I could well forgive
Their absence, being yours eternally.

—Univ. of Va. Mag.

The *Trinity Archive* for November, contains among other good things, a discussion of what is clearly becoming a living issue, "General information on the part of college graduates," to which the writer calls attention as being a demand of the present age, whatever vocation the newly-fledged graduate may in later life pursue. He proposes in order to meet this demand, as the only practicable and efficient way, "to raise the college curriculum to make the first three years embrace the text-book work, and to lay the foundation for the fourth year's duties, which should consist in doing original work, making investigations of important questions of the day, and reading parallel works by the best authors on the same."

A writer in the *Villanova Monthly* calling to mind Christmas reflections says: "At least 138 years (from the birth of Christ) passed before Bishop Telesphorus celebrated the day. He ordained that the Gloria Excelsio should be sung on the eve of the Nativity.

But not till 357 A. D. was Dec. 25th taken as the date of the Nativity.

Rome declared this to be Christ's natal day, and we should accept this authority since even yet in that city are found the records of the enrolment of the blessed Virgin and St. Joseph at Bethlehem."

It would be interesting to know if there is anywhere a record around which there cluster any evidences of truth, of the date of His birth.

The *Daniel Baker Tattler* just out is deficient in size and external attractiveness, but contains a very truthful, timely and interesting article entitled "A Hindrance to Education," which its writer says is the lack of inclination on the part of those whom it is designed to teach. He says "the appeal for education beyond a knowledge of reading and writing is to those who desire the advancement of civilization, to those who long for an age of culture and refinement, to those who are striving for the progress and upbuilding of the race, to those who are eager for self-improvement and the advancement of God's kingdom on earth, to those who are working to make themselves and their fellows move after the image of their maker and preserver. For the accomplishment of *these* designs man must be educated." * * * "Why then do you oppose higher education for the masses? Because you are one of them, and do not appreciate the requirements of true education."

Our exchanges might be classed as (1) good, (2) bad, (3) indifferent. But even then it would be hard to make a correct classification. And, finally, it might not be conducive to the strengthening of fraternal feeling between the representatives of different papers to publish one's criticism of every journal he sees.

For instance: "Request is hereby made that those who are pleased with the style of the *Cadet* will confer a favor upon us by making their opinions known. Others will please retain their remarks until called upon."

The author of the above evidently thinks that he is sadly in need of sympathy.

But if we should ever say anything bad about any of our contemporaries, let them take notice that it is intended for the good of all concerned.

The Christmas number of the *Bucknell Mirror* is not quite as good as usual. Like so many publications, it contains but little of what may be called literature. Its chief article in this column is an account of a foot-ball game—a very highly exaggerated account of a supposed game. It is interesting, and the imaginative powers displayed by the writer may be potent in effect.

We are glad to note the appearance of the first issue of *The Chisel*, published by the students of the Richmond Female Institute. The external appearance of this journal is neat and tasteful, and its literary matter of a high order. The poem entitled "Old Year and New Year" is well written. The article on "The Female Teacher of the County Public School" is quite interesting, and thoroughly enlists our sympathies for this persecuted class of people.

The Chisel is not wanting in mirth-provoking matter either, if the following is a fair sample:

"Some times the spirit of mischief gets into girls—even girls. Such was the case when not long ago, one of our Institute girls gave to another the following problem, with the explanatory remark that the Mathematical Professor required the work and answer at the close of the week. The problem ran thus: 'If it takes an ant three hours to crawl through a barrel of molasses, how much cloth will it take to

make an elephant a pair of pants ?' - The student to whom the enigma had been given, was sorely perplexed. She had determined to let x equal the time consumed by the ant, and y the material required for the pants, but she got no further. At the close of the week swollen eyes and throbbing temples gave testimony to the time she had spent."

And, now, may we be pardoned for offering a criticism? If so, we suggest that *The Chisel's* greatest fault is in its typographical errors, of which there are quite a number. This defect will be remedied, no doubt, as soon as the fair editors have had a little more experience in proof-reading.

Much success to *The Chisel!* May its edge never become dull, and its usefulness be great.






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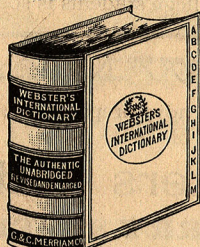
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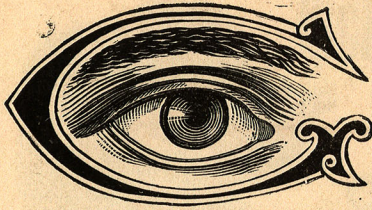
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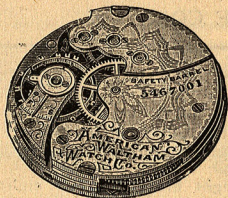
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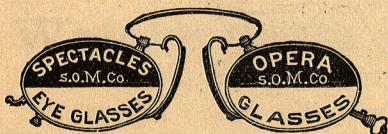
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